THREE CENTS PER COPY.

OLIVER HITCHCOCK,

THE "COFFEE-AND-CAKE MAN"-HIS MOST PROMINENT PATRONS.

ap Food for the Millions—Denne Stheds—King of Cheap Lauch-Room His Religion and Philanthrophy.

New York. January 16.—Many a multi-illionaire in this town must have been tonished to see all the newspapers de-ting much space—some of them more an a column—to obituaries of a man they ting much space—some of them more an a column—to obituaries of a man they suld contemptuously call a "coffee-and-ke fellow," of whom most of the multis we heard for the first time. They see ad citizens whom they considered emint and distinguished dismissed with line or two, and wonder what sale the "coffee-and-cake fellow "stripy of so much mention. It was cause the coffee-and-cake fellow was, not ly what we conventionally call a "charter," but a man of character, a sterling tizen, and especially regarded by newsper men. He was Oliver Hitchcock, who twenty-six years kept one of the cheapt of cheap restaurants under the old each? Hotel and then removed to the sement of Lovejoy's, still keeping on inting-House square, within reach of the trons who made him rich. For rich he is, years ago; worth, perhaps, \$200,000—d as rich as he wanted to be, which made m wealthier than Gould, Sage, any stor, all the Vanderbilts, or any man of illions who wants more millions. With the rest—abundant means, a happy one, a business which so well suited m that when he retired, as he thought, a life of leisure he was glad to buy it ck again—he was rich in charity. No oneyless man ever came into his place dwent away unfed. Every morning the sakets of crowds of poor children were led with food to carry to their poor mes and poorer parents. He was a good an. This cheap restaurant was as famous its way as ever was Delmonico's. It was ten all day and all night the year round.

A GREAT NEWSPAPER RESORT.

in its way as ever was Delmonico's. It was open all day and all night the year round.

A GERAT NEWSPAPER RESORT.

But it was most notable at night, when it gathered in reporters, pressmen, compositors, critics, editors, newsboys, and all in any way connected with the newspapers printed in the region roundabout. The menu was limited; coffee and cakes, of course—the coffee good and the cakes those compromises between hot biscuit and what country cooks of the feminine persuasion—call—"short-cakes." Then cold corned beef and beans; pie, cruilers, and perhaps real—"doughauts." Thirty cents would cary a hungry man through the entire menu. To this cheap place and cheaper fare have resorted such men as Greeley, Raymond, Oakey Hall, Wilfred M. Hurlbert, "Chet" Arthur, as the boys were wont to call the Collector, afterwards President, "old Clapp," in fact every one who had any business in that vicinity. It was the pioneer place of that peculiar kind, and the patronage was as unique as the place itself. My old-time journalistic friend, who favors me with occasional reminiscences, tells me that there used to be more or less romancing among the newspaper-boys about the gorgeous manner in which the down-town, shirt-sleeves and white-apron Oliver lived as "Oliver Hitchcock, Esq.," up-town. All the details of fashionable street, brownstone front, carriage, coachman, livery, and so on were filled in. It is certain that Oliver loved and owned fine horses, and always had a lively stepper for his own driving. And he gave his children every advantage of the best teaching and training. One of the boys is an instructor in a conservatory of music down South. Another carries on the old man's business here, and, of course, is making another fortune to add to his father's. I don't know better the teaching bear on the first menu triand encounin a conservatory of music down South. Another carries on the old man's business here, and, of course, is making another fortune to add to his father's. I don't know which of the two boys my triend encountered—literally "encountered"—for the boy, then mayhap twenty years old, stood behind the counter taking in the change for coffee and cakes. It was years ago. Max Strakosch was then in his first season with Campanini and Nilsson at the old Academy of Music. As my friend stepped only to pay for his coffee and cake a musical critic of one of the morning journals said to the boy behind the counter: "I didn't see you at the opera last night."

"Well, no," said the boy, making change for a quarter, "it was nothing but 'Il Trovatore,' and I don't trouble myself to go to the opera unless the performance is up to my standard."

My friend looked at the youth, meekly climbed the cellar-stairs to the street, and walked a half-block before he recovered sufficient breath to ejaculate a very faint "Whew!"

CHEAP FOOD FOR THE MILLION.

"Whew!"

CHEAP FOOD FOR THE MILLION.

What Hitchcock is as a reminiscence Dennett is as a living and actual presence. With the general progress of the age he has, of course, greatly improved upon Hitchcock's methods, and while he literally feeds the millions he does it with no smail display of style. Dennett has made it possible for a man to lunch at a cost of from 10 to 25 cents, and yet teel that everything he gets is prepared with as much care and is of as good quality as it would be at Delmonico's at a cost of \$5. W. A. Dennett is rapidly putting a girdle round this side of the world with his cheap lunch-rooms—he avoids the word "restaurant" in describing his places, and perhaps wisely. Some idea of the extent of his business will be had when I say the number of persons who lunch daily at his Park Row place, near the Advertiser building, averages 4,400. George Parker, his superintendent, tells me they have fed as high as 4,500 in one day. And this is but one of fifteen places he has in New York, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. During this week he will open one in Boston. It cost him \$36,000 to fit up the Park Row place, but there are features about it which might be adopted with benefit by some of the aristocratic dining-places up town. For example, there is no woodwork or paper hanging on the walls or ceilings. All that part of the establishment devoted to restaurant purposes—floors, wall, ceilings, and all—is lined with tiling. This absorbs no steam from the cooking, and by this means the restaurant odor is overcome. The customer who calls for beer or wine or any other "hard drink with his lunch at Dennett's will not get it. Though not always a temperance man, he is now and has been for fifteen or twenty years and a part of his life is given up to temperance work. The missions in all the cities where he does business are generously remembered by him in aid of their temperance work. The missions in all the cities where he does business are generously remembered by him in aid of their

griddle-cakes and coffee. In his down-town place five barrels of flour are consumed each day in making griddle-cakes alone. A portion of these are baked in the front window, and at times the sidewalk is blocked with people watching the process. The sight of these brown cakes on the hot griddle tempts many a man inside. The amount of butter consumed in this establishment, largely on these cakes, may be inferred from the fact that it is bought by the ton. I have seen as high as 3,000 pounds in the "butter-room," all in one-pound "prints," and the little spartment, which is under the street, smelling as sweet as a country spring-house. There are 120 persons employed in the Park-Row lunch-room, and in all his establishments perhaps not fewer than 1,002. The number of persons fed in the fitteen places cannot be far from 30,000 each day, except Sunday, which is strictly observed by Mr. Dennett, and if not by everybody in his employ it is not because he does not afford them an opportunity. His places are kept open night and day. The employees who open up for business Monday morning are strictly enjoined not to go near the place until after 12 o'clock midnight Sunday. Dennett is the only man I know of who can combine religion with the restaurant-business. On the third floor at Park Row is a chapel nicely carpeted, provided with beaches and an altar, and there every morning before they go to work the girls employed in the establishment are required GRIDDLE-CAKES AND COFFEE.

TO THE MEMBERS OF LEGISLATURE Asylume and Elsewhere.
[No. 2.]

But before closing this letter it might be well to say for information that patients in private practice. The doctor makes no private visits. He "goes the rounda," as 'tis called, once a day, and always in company with several attendants. There are many more attendants in insane asylums than in any others. They are on duty day and night. Any violation of these well-established regulations would be at once noticed by the numerous attendants. No daughter is as well protected by their nurses, and for obvious reasons. They really need constant watching, as 'tis impossible to predict what new notion may seize them. W. W. PARKER, M. D.

Since writing my letter published last Sabbath, I learn from very good authority that "the one or two cases" there referred to of "improper conduct" were never clearly proven. Very respectfully,
W. W. PARKER, M. D.

The Depredations of Foxes.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Now, while our law-makers are passing (over) bills it is well to remind them of the necessity, in order to preserve the last vestige of our valuable game, to enact certain laws for the protection of the

vestige of our valuable game, to enact certain laws for the protection of the same.

In the good old days of our fathers farmers were able to keep packs of fine foxhounds and thus Master Reynard, the scourge of the forest, was kept at bay, but now in our poverty we cannot spare the cost in time and labor of capturing him unless remunerated, and his depredations are becoming positively alarming.

Please allow me space to suggest the following plan, which, I think, will put him "in the soup."

1. Offer a bounty of \$3 per scalp for every fox caught in Virginia.

But some "Doubting Thomas" will say this is too expensive and the State could not afford it. These people who speak thus perhaps never realized that the game of Virginia has done more to bring the other valuable resources of the State into the notice of wealthy capitalists who seek recreation and pleasure in shooting than all other circumstances combined.

But my second proposition may meet with the approval of even these economical wise heads. It is—

2. In order to meet this expense enforce a State tax of at least \$1 per head on every dog, country and city. It will be a valuable source of revenue and serve two valuable purposes, as follows: First, It will quickly dispose of all the worthless cure, and second, it will force the owners of valuable fox-hounds to make them useful as well as ornamental.

A FARMER.

A NEW DISH.

tance:
"We had an iconoclast for dinner yesterday. Did you ever see one?"
"Oh, yes," answered her friend sweetly.
"we often have them for dinner, and I am
very fond of them."
Then the two dear innocents smiled
blandly at each other.

ABABYINHIS TRUNK.

THIS IS WHAT A GENTLEMAN FOUND IN AN AUCTION PURCHASE

Thought He Could Locate Dashieli-

Unknessed Treess for Descent in Bases Arysma and Respectation.

(R. 2.]

Rememon, January 11, 1987.

The more model of the Section of the Sec Other Good Stories of the Idler.

A gentleman in this city recently purchased an unclaimed trunk, which was filled with unknown articles. Insamuch as it was securely locked no one could guess what it contained, but the purchaser, thinking that possibly it held treasures of inestimable value, gladly paid \$20 for it. He had his prize taken to his home, and ordered a special locksmith to come around and pick the lock. While this process was going on the proprietor of the newly-acquired chest stood by and with eyes bulging with fond expectation awaited results. The locksmith proceeded with his work for about five minutes and then stopped short all of a sudden. "This trunk feels mighty heavy," said the purchaser of the mysterious article, as the respective hairs on his head assumed a perpendicular attitude, "I don't like those sort of jokes." The locksmith then suggested that he smelt a dead man, and this caused the silk hat of his temporary employer to rise still higher on the erected capillary substance of its owner. But even fear can sometimes be overcome by curiosity and this invincible desirs to further investigate stimulated the purchaser of the trunk to continue his researches. He bravely told the locksmith to go ahead and open the mysterious chest. Finally the lid was lifted and there lav—not a dead man—but various articles of feminine anparel which were decidedly the worse for wear. To say that the expectant gentleman was disgusted would but poorly express his feelings, but he possessed a hopeful disposition and ordered the locksmith to remove all the articles. This was done but nothing further came to light for several minutes, and the purchaser turned aside in order to suppress the almost irressible desire to kick himself. The key-maker continued to rummage among the many pieces of dilapidated clothing, and suddenly velled out. "Here's a baby!" The gentleman bounced up hike a ruber ball, and wildiy exclaimed: "For Heaven's sake, shut the trunk! Lock it up. Take it away! Don't ever say anything about havin

haunts.'"
The Judge was only about sixteen years old when he had this experience, and he narreted it with an earnestness and described his feelings with an inmitable vividness that literally convulsed his auditors with laughter.

Dr. Lafferty is considered one of the most witty and humorous men in these parts. He has travelled almost all over most witty and humorous men in these parts. He has travelled almost all over the world and has accumulated a variety of experiences which are exceedingly interesting as narrated by him. The Doctor was sitting in the Disparch office a few evenings ago with one leg thrown across one of the reporters' desks. He was keenly observing the long stove-pipe, which runs almost the entire length of the building. "Well, seeing that stove-pipe calls to my memory," he said, "an incident which happened many winters ago and upon one of the coldest nights I think I ever experienced. I was then on one of my lecturing tours, and was to appear before an audience at a country church in Augusta county. The people came in from all four corners of the earth, and there was a stove in the room with a pipe just about twice as long as this one you have. Well, all things went smoothly until one old brother refilled the stove, and in so doing put in one stick of wood which was about half a foot too long. It seemed that the old fellow thought he could shorten the stick by kicking it. He undertook to put his theory into execution and by so doing all those sixty feet of stove-pipe fell, and every joint separated, emptying out two pecks of soot each, and danced all over the house. Well, I have never seen such a panic. Women and children screamed and toppled over one another, and men rushed about in a frantic frame of mind. But I stood unphased until the crowd had retired, when I quietly dispersed into the whirling snow myself."

retired, when I quietly dispersed into the whirling snow myself."

It is really wonderful how people read the different things which sppear in newspapers and magazines. Sometimes I think there must be individuals who scan every word, not only of the reading, but also of the advertising matter. Shortly after W. S. Dashiell skipped town Major Poe, the Chief of Police, through the columns of the Police Gazetic, offered a reward for the arrest of the fugitive. A few days ago he received a letter from a man in Wyoming, who said that he could give information concerning the whereabouts of Dashiell. The writer stated that a person bearing this name and answering the description of the accused was now working in the Patent Office at Washington. He asked Major Poe not to say anything about the information but to write to him further. This the Major did and thus the matter ended, for the letter was never answered by the Wyoming citizen. Whether the latter really knows a man named Dashiell in Washington is very doubtful. Perhaps there is a person bearing a name something like Dashiell's, but the fugitive would hardly bave the sudacity to show up so close to Richmond. I asked Major Poe what he did with the letter from the Wyoming man, and he smiled and said, "Pshaw, boy, it was nothing but a 'take.' I sm always getting such communications."

Mr. Minetree Folkes, a young gentleman who is well known in this city, owns a small house in the East End. For sometime past he had neglected to pay his insurance, but last week it occurred to him that it would be safer to renew his policy in case something unforseen should happen. He started up to the insurance office, and while attending to the matter there, he heard the fire-bells ringing. After leaving the office he inquired where the fire was and learned to his amassement that the very house which he had just insured was the one which had been burning. Fortunately for somebody—either

offers you his weed and surrenders his stool with the utmost cheerfulness. He laughs at your jokes till his sides nearly spit, stops all of a sudden on seeing a lady enter the front door, and appears dignified and suave behind the counter to attend the wishes of the fair visitor. He upsets the whole establishment looking for the five-cent envelope of sachet-powder for the lady, and having supplied her wants, retreats again to the rear, where he arrives in time to resume his old laugh, which you mistake as additional mirth caused by another joke you are telling. The subjects discussed by the drugstore gatherings are as varied as the stook of a junk-shop. Some fellow will come in with his "Sunday-go-to-meeting-clothes" on, and expatiate on the sermon he has just heard, but ere many minutes have passed the conversation will drift to the comparative merits of John L. Sullivan and Charlie Mitchell. As this latter topic is not so elevating as it might be some high-minded genus will bring up literature as the subject to be discussed. You will hear of every writer from Shakspeare down to Bill Nye. The gathering generally adjourns on the instalment planthat is to say, one man at a time—but before the crowd departs there is not a question in the whole land that they have not considered.

Mr. A. A. Christian, one of the commit-

Mr. A. A. Christian, one of the commit tee clerks of the House of Delegates, was trudging along near the DISPATCH office in the rain a few days ago when a corpulent Irish woman approached him and said: "Faith, sir, and will ye bay after telling may where bay the Western Union telegraph office." With a majestic aweep of the hand Mr. Christian indicated the building about which the Hibernian inquired, whereupon the later gratefully replied: "Thank ye, and its the other office oim looking for. They told me 'twas crossways from that one."

The Idle Reporter.

New Books.

The Mysterious Beggar. From the publisher J. S. OGILVIE, New York. Cloth, \$1-400 This is said to be a novel founded or

facts, and purports to be an expose of a system of methodical begging which is now being carried on in great cities. It is especially recommended to the attention of members of institutions and private ndividuals interested in the bestowal of 'relief," or the organization of charities. It is written in a lively, piquant style, and deals much in the realism of low life.

The Farm and the Fireside. By Charles H. Smirm ("Bill Arp"). Published by the Constitution Publishing Company, Atlanta, Gs.

This volume of 344 pages contains a good many short articles in Bill Arp's well-known style. It does not impress us as being particularly bright, but we have to own in extenuation that we are rather obtuse where machine-made humor is concerned. In glancing over these pages we find a little of bad spelling and a great find a little of bad spelling and a great deal of platitude, but as these are characteristics of the majority of mankind, the book ought to be popular, on the same principle that makes Toppen's "Proverbial Philosophy" such a thrillingly interesting book to the masses. The author's photograph, which smiles on us from the frontispiece, shows him to be a bald-headed, be whiskered, practical-looking sort of a man, so we have no doubt that he knows better what he is about than we do.

The Lost Colony, By James F. Raymond.

The Lost Colony. By James F. Raymond. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bro-thers. Cloth, \$1.50.

THERS. Cloth, \$1.50.

This book is said to be by a brother of the late "Hon." Henry J. Raymond, of the New York Times, but we decline to recommend it on that account. We believe that the Hon. James G. Blaine has a quite ordinary brother living somewhere, as have a great many other able men. We haven't read the book, because 413 pages made it impossible to do so; but, in the language of the publisher, we will state that the "narrative hinges on the fortunes of a southern family, who pass through a start. "narrative hinges on the fortunes of a southern family, who pass through a starting succession of fortunes and changes of lot. " This history gives an opportunity for the introduction of some admirable descriptions of southern life." Two short extracts from Chapters I. and III. will convey to the intelligent reader a sufficient idea of Mr. Ratmon's brother's style: "Heavy leaden clouds hang low on the horizon, mounting upward in fleecy vapors, partially veiling the heavens. The full moon, riding high over all, now and again breaks forth, her pale beams illuming objects below, casting shadows from densely-leafed bush and overhanging bough, causing all things to take on a weird, gruesome aspect." "Thomas Batter, the proprietor of the extensive plantation, whereat has occured the before-mentioned scene, also the owner of a large number of slaves, was momentarily expected, having been absent since the early morning; leaving home at that time for the neighboring village of Oxford, for the purpose of transacting business pertaining to the office of justice of the peace, in which capacity he had officiated for a number of years." When the Hon. Mr. Evarst dies the Hon. Mr. Raymond's brother will keep him from being missed.

Now That You Are Married. By Miss S. B. Hamker, Flemming H. Reyell Company,

Mr. itaymond's brother will keep him from being missed.

Now That You Are Married. By Miss S. B. Hamker. Flemming H. Reveil Company, New York and Chicago.

This pretty little "leaflet." by the accomplished principal of the Richmond Female Institute, is addressed to "the 1,500 girls whom it has been my privilege to educate," and of whom, continues the author, "many are happy wives and many will be." It contains much excellent advice, in a small compass, to the class appealed to, and which, if followed, as we hope and believe it will be, will infallibly show the way "how to be happy though married," provided, of course, that there is not an insuperable obstacle to connubial felicity in the shape of a good-for-nothing man, as is too often the case. Another hindrance to harnessed happiness is stated epigrammatically by Miss Hamker when she says that "men woo angels and wed mortals." But notwithstanding these little drawbacks, we think this brochure with profit.

Index to Sching's Magazine. Volumes I.X. Chamker's Sorianne's Sorian. New

may be studied by future grandmothers with profit.

Index to Scribner's Magazine. Volumes I.X. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. Cloth. 89 pages.

This is, we believe an innovation which deserves to become a custom more honored in the observance than in the breach. Those who have wisely preserved their precious Scribner's will find this compact index to the direct envolumes of the magazine of great practical value. It is issued on the completion of the fifth year of publication, and contains, in addition to the index, an account of the magazine's literary and artistic history. We take pleasure in expressing our honest belief that Scribner's has no superior among publications of its own kind. It is an ideal magazine in all respects, and we wish it even greater prosperity than the large measure which it now enjoys.

The New Trial of Popular Government. An Address Delivered Before the Society of the Alumni of the University of Virginia on Commencement-Day, July 1, 1891, by Hou. William Link Wilson, Lil. D., of West Virginia, Published by a Standing Order of the Society of the Alumni. Charlottesville, Va.: C. M. Raam, Steam Power Book and Job Printer, 504 east Main street.

A pamphlet of twenty pages. The ad-

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gists and dealers. New York Depot,
Canal Street.

F. BRITTON, JACKSON, TENN. swamps of Louisiaus while working for the telegraph company, and used every kind of medicine I could hear of without relief. I at last POISON succeeded in breaking the fever, but it cost me over \$100, and then my system was prostrated and saturated with poison and I became almost helpless. I finally came here, my mouth so filled with sores that I could scarcely est, and my tongue raw and filled with ville knots. Various remedies were resorted to without effect. I bought two bottles of B. B. and it has cured and strengthened me. All sores of my mouth are healed and my tongue entirely clear of knots and soreness, and I feel like a new man." R. R. Saulter, Athens, Ga., writes: "I have

R. Saulter, Athens, Ga., writes: "I have been afflicted with catarrh for many years, although all sorts of medicines and several doctors did their best to cure me. My blood was very impure, and nothing ever had any effect upon CATARRH Blood Remedy known as B. B. B., a few bottles of which effected an entire cure. I recommend it to all who have catarrh. I refer to any merchant or banker of Athens, Ga. and to any merchant or banker of Athens, Ga., and will reply to any inquiries." de 27-Su&W1m

HOW TO CURE LA GRIPPE.

Go right about it. Don't waste a minute. For the splitting headaches, racking pains along the spines and in sides and loins, rheumatism of nuscies and joints, chills and fevers, nausea, and lisinclination for food, you must take three or DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

the first night, and after that a sufficient number to insure a daily and free action of the lowels. Keep this up for some time; and where chills and fevers are stubborn, quintoe in reasonable doses, can be used to advantage with the Pills. These Pills set your corged liver free, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and start up normal secretions. You've scored a big point.

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BARTLETT.



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SHOULDER BRACES. Fig. 135-4.

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